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A BUNCH OF VIOLETS





600087322S

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A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

OR,

POETRY OF THE HEART.

BY

H. J. S.



Violets hide in the dingle and dell,
In clusters of purple and white;
They are sought by the rich and poor as well,
And both have an equal right.

And are not the promises God hath given,
For the high and the lowly too?
White is the garb of a promised heaven,
But love is the purple hue.

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Dedication.



TO THE REV. J. HASLEGRAVE, M.A.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

It is with peculiar pleasure I dedicate this little Volume to one so universally beloved and respected.

For many years I have attended your Ministry; and, even when miles distant, the faithful precepts of my honored Pastor have recurred to memory, proving how good and profitable is a word in season.

Many of the Poems contained in this little Work were composed when I was a mere child, so that they will not bear severe criticism; and it is at the earnest solicitation of my friends



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A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

When racking pains disturb our rest,
What pillow like a mother's breast ?
In dissolution's awful hour,
What voice can soothe with strength and power,
Like that which taught our infant tongue
The first sweet lisping word it sung ?
Hark ! 'tis a mother's earnest prayer
Which gently lifts the silent air,
And rises in pure faith to him,
Who marks her eye with tears grown dim,
Her cheek grown pale with anxious care,
And sorrow silvered in her hair.
He marks her form with trouble bent,
And quick a messenger has sent
To ask the gift for which she pleads,
And grant the comfort that she needs.
The mother feels the Spirit nigh,
And echoes still her earnest cry,
" My child ! Oh, give me back my child,
Though he is wayward, spoilt, and wild ;
Reckless and wilful, still to me
He is as dear as child can be.
I taught his earliest infant days
To lisp Thy name and sing Thy praise,
And often, Lord, I knelt to Thee,
To pray a Christian he might be.
And now, oh, God, he's dying now,
Cold damps have gathered on his brow ;

His voice is mute, and his dull eye
Seeks mine in hopeless agony.
Oh spare his life, that he repent,
And at thy feet a penitent
He'll kneel, thy wond'rous love to bless,
And all his sinful crimes confess;
Then kiss the rod that laid him low,
And on his way rejoicing go.
Remember, Lord, that Isaac's life,
Was spared from Abram's murderous knife;
Through faith the promised child was spared—
Bound and for sacrifice prepared.
And shall my child sink in the grave,
Whilst thou, oh, God, hast power to save;
I'll not despair, my faith is strong,
I only cry, 'Oh, Lord, how long?'
The bread I've on the waters cast,
Will yet return, though days are past.
Seed sown in tears takes deepest root,
Springs into life, bears living fruit.
I cling to that sweet promise, Lord,
Which thou hast given in Thy Word,
The prayer from lips long used to pray,
'Availeth much,' and I can say
With Jacob, Thy rich grace bestow,
Or else I will not let thee go."

* * * *

Her prayer has sped, with faith it flies,
And quickly cleaves the silent skies ;
Higher it soars and nears the throne,
Where sits her God, but not alone,—
The Holy Spirit offers there,
That mother's earnest pleading prayer,
While Jesus looks with pitying eye—
For such as these he deigned to die.
And what the answer? Was it said,
It is not meet to take the bread,
The children's bread, to cast abroad,
That dogs may feed upon the word.
No, rather like sweet music stole,
The craved-for blessing to her soul ;—
“ E'en as Thou wilt, so be it done ;
Strong was thy faith—saved is thy son.”

Mothers ! God giveth thee children fair,
And brightly they bloom at thy side,
Oh, teach them to lisp an earnest prayer,
At morn and at eventide.

E'en the delicate buds will then unfold
To drink in the heavenly dew,
They'll thrive in a garden of godly mould,
And blossom in purity too.

And mingle thine own with the children's song,
And sweet will the incense rise ;
And the root and the branches both be strong
In the strength which God supplies.

And should ever a delicate bud decay,
And fold its leaves over its breast,
Should it slowly wither and fade away,
'Twill peacefully sink to rest ;

And sweetly 'twill bloom—a blossom white,
In a garden beyond the skies ;
The Saviour but culls such flow'rets bright,
To graft them in Paradise.

And thou, when death hovers around thy bed,
And glazes thy once bright eye,
With joy in the path thy children tread,
And feel it is sweet to die.

Thou'lt know that the little weeping band,
Will be kept by a Saviour's love,
And follow thy flight to that happy land,
Far up in the heights above.



CLING TO THE CROSS.

When stars glance brightly in the sky,
And joy peeps forth from every orb ;
While the soft moon, swift sailing by,
Thy soul in raptures would absorb,
Cling to the Cross.

When from the east the sun shall rise,
And fling his beams on all the lea,
With golden glory sweep the skies,
And mirror beauty in the sea,
Cling to the Cross.

For that blue sky, so cloudless now,
May turn to blackness ere the morn ;
The stars that crown the heaven's brow,
May prove but joys too early born.
Cling to the Cross.

The sea of wealth may flow to thee,
And friends upon its bosom bear ;
But, should it ebb, those friends would flee
Far from thy poverty and care.
Cling to the Cross.

Cling closest when gay scenes allure,
When health weaves gladness in the heart ;
Earth's brightest things cannot endure,
And thou with health must one day part.
Cling to the Cross.

When little ones stand round thy hearth,
In beauty and in strength arrayed,
Remember, though they grace thy path,
The brightest blossoms droop and fade.
Cling to the Cross.

Cling to the Cross in midnight gloom,
Though the dark future blackly frown,
Strain, strain thine eyes beyond the tomb,
There love still holds the conqueror's crown.
Cling to the Cross.

Cling to the Cross when death is nigh ;
The rose that twines the cross of love,
In Jesu's blood will redly dye,
Then blossom white in realms above.
Cling to the Cross.



THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

“ Oh, tell me why people’s eyes grow dim,
And where does the brightness go ?
Is that beautiful star once in yours, mamma,
Lying hid in the depths below ?

“ Your cheek is so pale, and you look so sad,
A shade has passed over your brow ;
And I cannot tell why you so often should sigh,
Oh, tell me the reason now.”

Thus earnestly whispered a little Child,
As she knelt by her mother’s side ;
She was kneeling there to repeat the prayer,
She was wont to, at eventide.

The Widow listened to every word,
And, as slowly she raised her head,
She could plainly trace in the upturned face,
The features of him that was dead.

And it brought to her mind, with double force,
The days of her early youth,
When she stood a bride, by a lover’s side,
And exchanged deep vows of truth.

And she almost fancied she heard once more
Her mother's silvery voice,
As she stooped to bless, with a fond caress,
Her daughter and praise her choice.

Her father's grey locks seemed again to wave
In the air as he said, "Be true ;"
Let not your heart roam from your husband's home,
And in blessing, may God bless you."

Now these had quietly passed away,
And she knew they were taking their rest
With the saints above, in the courts of love,
Where the spirits repose of the blest.

And her husband, a soldier, had joined them there ;
In a battle he lost his life,
And his bleeding corse from under his horse,
Was dragged to the weeping wife.

It was him that she mourned, and now again
Her sobs and tears came fast,
As she clasped her child, and in anguish wild,
Thought that tie was her last.

But she murmured a prayer, and thus gained strength
To tell her listener, pale,
That her father had died with many beside—
Few were left to tell the tale.

She ceased, as the moon from a cloud shone bright,
And so gently the room did fill,
That its light spoke a balm to her heart, and a calm
Sweetly followed this "Peace be still."

Then whispered the Child, " Oh, grieve no more !
Dear papa was prepared to die ;
And so sacred a death should not cause one breath
Of grief to ascend on high.

" In heaven he dwells, and for ever will be
'Bove the reach of care or pain ;
He is happier far than with you, mamma—
Oh ! wish him not back again.

" Look up at the brilliant orbs of night,
That bathe in their waveless sea ;
If the outside is bright of the world of light,
Oh, what must the inside be ?"

The Widow was silent, the Comforter's power
Had breathed in the childish voice ;
And a sweet joy stole to her inmost soul,
And made her sad heart rejoice.

Lightly she stepped, on the coming morn,
Resigned to her Father's will ;
She had learned content, and still onward went,
In the calm of his " Peace be still."

But a few short months, and the last fond link
Which bound her to earth had fled ;
Her idol was gone, she had cause to mourn—
The Widow's child was dead !

Alone in the world—yet alone she is not,
While the Saviour reigns in power ;
His watchful eye will her wants supply,
And give strength for each trying hour.

Meekly she murmured, " Thy will be done,"
And bowed 'neath the chastening rod ;
The mission was done of her little one,
And she gave it again to God.

Greenly the grass waves over the grave,
And a grateful mourner there,
Oft kneels at the cross of her earthly loss,
And pours out her soul in prayer.

She had dwelt on the past full many a year,
And thought of the joys that were flown ;
But, now through the gloom of the murky tomb,
In the future she lives alone.

The poor find a friend in her ready hand,
At her presence the sick rejoice ;
And the tear-stained eye is made quickly dry,
At the sound of her soothing voice.

She is climbing the hill to her last sweet rest,
At the close of her well-spent day ;
And the young and the old, a thousand-fold,
Are blessing her on her way.

She has gained the top, and a glorious sight
Reflects on her radiant face ;
Her struggling soul has burst control,
And bounds through the realms of space.

Away, away ! Death's valley is passed,
From the body the soul is free ;
And bathed in a flood of the Saviour's blood,
Stands pure in his purity.

Hark ! to the shout of the heavenly choir,
As the raptured spirit's gaze
Rests with delight on the throne of white,
And melts in a song of praise.

The loved ones welcome the pilgrim home,
They never shall part again ;
Wife and husband meet at the Saviour's feet,
And mingle the same glad strain.

No sorrow is there ; not a tear is seen ;
Joy tunes every harp of gold.
Oh, that men should dream of this glorious theme,
And their hearts be untouched and cold !

Back, back to the earth ! thought cannot pierce
The veil of the land of love ;
But dies in its flight to the world of light,
And falls from the heights above.

Behold, by a quiet churchyard grave,
Young children gather round ;
Flowers mark a spot they have not forgot,
And bloom on the fresh-turned mound.

The Widow is sleeping beside her child,
And the villager, passing by,
Still pauses there with an earnest prayer,
That he may as calmly die.

No monument stands, in its marble pride,
In praise of the good and just ;
But our self-same doom swept over her tomb—
“ Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust ! ”



THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Oh ! who can tell the length—the breadth—
The depth—the height of Jesu's love ?
'Tis deeper than the lowest depth ;
'Tis higher than the heights above.

'Tis warmer than the glorious sun
That lights creation with its rays,—
That cheers the heart of every one,
Nor feels decay with length of days.

'Tis purer than a mother's love,
E'en for the babe upon her breast;
More faithful than the cooing dove
Which ne'er forsakes her partner's nest.

'Tis sweeter than the evening dew
That gently fills each fragile flower,
And raises drooping buds anew,
Refreshed beneath its genial shower.

And stronger e'en than death or hell—
For, oh, Christ died,—and died to save!
To raise poor sinners when they fell,
And wrest the victory from the grave.

Yea—and He loves the sinner now!
He once wore thorns that He might place
A crown of glory on each brow
That sought redemption by His grace.

Vast, boundless, and immortal Love!
We yield our joyful thanks to Thee:
Oh, grant us in Thy courts above
To sing Thy love eternally.

"THE RICH AND POOR MEET TOGETHER;
THE LORD IS THE MAKER OF THEM ALL."—

Proverbs, xxii.

The rich and the poor together meet
Upon life's highway, and their busy feet
Mingle and mix as they jostle along—
The young and the old—a countless throng.
First steps the child with its sunny brow,—
'Tis a mother leads the infant now;
And if she but train his steps aright,
His future will burn with a holy light.
An aged man, with a father's joy,
Passes along with a noble boy;
The rich man walks in his purple pride,
And the squalid beggar steps beside.
Ambition hurries amid the crowd,
And Disappointment weaves his shroud.
The peasant, with toil-hardened hands;
The squire, possessed of broadest lands;
The king, with his royal crown of gold;
The soldier fierce; the sailor bold;
Taskmaster and slave—the sad, the gay,
Must meet together on life's highway:
These all set out in earliest years,
With numberless hopes and numberless fears—
A myriad host—a countless band;
Earth's army, thick as the sea-shore sand.

The Lord is their maker—He made them all ;
He noteth the meanest sparrow's fall ;
And still at his table of love and grace,
The rich and the poor have an equal place.
Onward they press, and the roads are two—
The broad or the narrow must each pursue ;
And see, on the broad green slope of death,
They hurry along with heedless breath,
The rich and the poor, the bright, the fair,
Alas ! what a motley tribe are there.
A clustering group of the young and gay,
Are plucking the flowers that gem the way ;
Pleasures of earth, that attract the eye,
But when they are touched decay and die !
The miser is there, with his tainted wealth ;
Creeping along in his midnight stealth,
The murderer starts, and looks behind,
At the faintest breath of summer wind :
The gambler, too, with haggard eye
And bloodless lip, strides swiftly by ;
And freely the wine-cup passes round,
And loudly the laugh and jest abound ;
But hollow the sounds that fill the air—
No lasting happiness can be there ;
But the ranks are swelled with a heedless throng,
Whose thoughts to the present alone belong :
And parents, though loving their children well,
Are leading them downward the path to hell.

Conscience is there, but with angry frown
Is ever repulsed and beaten down ;
And rich and poor by a backward way,
Like wandering sheep have gone astray ;
And mockingly Death, 'mid the motley band,
In naked deformity takes his stand :
But mark how the pilgrims lovingly greet,
As each other in life's glad path they meet ;
The poor in spirit—the rich in grace,
Are journeying there to a resting place ;
The martyr fearlessly stands to bleed,
Firm in the faith of his gospel creed,
He fears not death—'twill make him free
To joys of an eternity.
And see, like a beacon of purest light,
The preacher of Christ, in a garb of white,
Is pouring the rays of salvation in
The corners of earth yet dark with sin.
A Christian of wealth, with glist'ning eyes,
Beholds a glorious structure rise :
The stone of foundation was laid in prayer,
And a thousand hopes are garnered there ;
And children tattered, bare, and poor,
Already crowd th' inviting door :
Thus the command,—“ Love one another,”
The rich fulfils to his poorer brother.
A mother is teaching her child to pray
In the early dawn of its infant day ;

With list'ning ear, the father then
Earnestly utters a deep Amen.
The rich and the poor have the self-same God;
Together they bow 'neath his chastening rod;
Together they kneel where the brethren meet,
And mingle their prayers at the mercy-seat.
They meet again in the silent tomb—
The young cut off in their early bloom,
And the ling'ring aged, o'er whose brow
Is twined the silvery locks of snow;
The monarch who crushed a nation strong,
And the slave oppressed with cruel wrong;
The humble, the meek, the bad, the good—
All serve, in the grave, the worm for food.
The hypocrite wears a mask no more;
The upstart's swellings of pride are o'er;
The beggar who craved a scanty crust,
Is resting beside the rich man's dust;
And honesty's narrow coffin-bed
Rests on the thief's despairing head.
The doom of the rich and the poor is just—
“Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.”
Again they shall meet at the judgment-day,
And Death shall relinquish his sov'reign sway;
The measureless waters restore their dead,
And the books of conscience aloud be read,—
Then shall the wicked all meet in hell,
Sounding an ever-despairing knell;

But the just shall joyfully meet above,
To bask in the light of their Father's love.
The rich with their golden talents there,
A conqueror's regal crown shall wear ;
The poor with their cheerfully-offered mite,
To harps of gold shall in praise unite.
The Lord is the maker of all of them
That dwell in the new Jerusalem.
Christ is their brother—the Lamb that was slain
Has banished all sorrow, and care, and pain,
That rich and poor may united be
In the heaven of God's eternity.

F A R E W E L L.

Farewell, when morning lifts her voice,
With hum of bird and bee ;
When Nature sweetly sings rejoice,
I'll think—I'll think of thee.

At noon-day, when the glorious sun
Spreads o'er the land and sea,
Flinging his beams on every one,
I'll think—I'll think of thee.

At even, when slow, silent, pale,—
The moon steps forth to see,
And list the lovers' earnest tale,
I'll think—I'll think of thee.

When laughing stars are glitt'ring bright,
And dew-drops gem the lea ;
When zephyrs waft new-born delights,
I'll think—I'll think of thee.

When in my little room alone,
No eye but God's to see,
With every thought and feeling known,
Ah, then—I'll pray for thee.

When in the consecrated pile
I humbly bend the knee,
My soul shall plead for one the while.
"I'll plead—"Twill plead for thee.

Each has a burden here to bear,—
Mine presses sore on me ;
Yet I'd rejoice, could I but share
The cross that's borne by thee.

Farewell, farewell—forget the past :
With kindness think of me ;
And, oh, believe, while life shall last,
I'll pray for thine and thee !

REVELATIONS, CHAP. XXII., v. 18.

Let him that heareth, softly whisper "Come!"
Christians, ye must be silent in the grave;
But, oh, on earth ye never should be dumb;
Seek ye the lost—the ruined soul to save.

Christians! ye have a hope within your breast—
By God's pure spirit 'twas implanted there;
'Twas freely given thee—then never rest
Until thy fellow-sinner have a share.

Brothers! ye dwell within a Christian land,
Beneath a canopy of Gospel light;
Spread ye its glory to some foreign strand,
And turn to day the heathen mists of night.

Sisters! ye make our homes a hallowed spot—
All love and gentleness—helpmeets indeed!
We pray thee help us—it may be thy lot
In barren hearts to sow the living seed.

Thy earnestness may win young souls for heaven;
Thy zeal the aged breast with rapture thrill;
Where strong men strive in vain, to thee 'tis given
To reach the heart and move the stubborn will.

"Let him that heareth, come."—"Why will ye die?"
The Spirit and the Bride swell high the choir!
"Come, come," they murmur, "come to Christ, and buy
Life, pardon, peace, and joy for evermore.



THE PRODIGAL'S DREAM.

Turn, recreant, turn! thou'rt deeply branded now,
The gamester's darkening mark imprints thy brow,
Thy pale and haggard face, thy bloodshot eye,
Proclaim aloud disgrace and infamy.
Shame on thy manhood, was it but for this,
Thy mother blessed thee with a holy kiss?
That first fond kiss, which spoke her grateful joy,
And prayed a Saviour's guidance for her boy.
Was it for this she watched thy infant years,
Joyed in thy sunny smiles, and dried thy tears;
Taught thee of Jesus, from the "Book of Truth,"
In simple stories suited to thy youth—
And nightly knelt beside thy bed, and there
Poured forth a mother's love, in earnest prayer?
Ah! time hath sped, and feeble age draws nigh,
And bids the loving one prepare to die;
Gladly and joyfully her pure spirit fled,
And left thee standing by the silent dead.

Nay, start not, hypocrite: thou canst not quite
Shut out the awful horrors of that night;
The cry of agony that swelled thy soul—
The bitter grief so far beyond control;
The long, long watch—the coffin's black disguise,
Which shut thy mother from thy tearful eyes;
And then, the void, ah—dost thou feel it still,
Too blank a space for other love to fill.
“ My son, thy mother speaks; turn thee and gaze,
I come to warn thee from thy evil ways—
Thou'st brought my spirit from the better land,
To pluck thee from the fire, a burning brand.
Repent, repent, and wake the joys of heaven,
And my gold harp shall chaunt thy sins forgiven.
Farewell, the morning breaks, I must away,
My rustling wings refuse to longer stay—
And yet, one name I'd whisper in thine ear,
Where is thy Mary, that was once so dear?
Betrothed in childhood—now, alas, to part,—
My son, thy cruelty will break her heart.
Forsaken, alighted, trusting to the last,
For her sweet sake alone, retrieve the past—
Plead with her gentle nature, to obtain
The pardon thou hast never asked in vain.
Then light her face with happy smiles once more,
The joyous look in olden times it wore.
Farewell! invisible, yet hovering nigh,
I'll bear to Christ thy first repentant sigh,

And bring a thousand blessings in return,
To make the smoking flax all brightly burn.
Thou art the child of many prayers ; not one
Returneth void, or leaves its work undone.
Farewell, farewell ! I leave this charge with thee—
Repent, and meet me in eternity.

SEQUEL TO THE PRODIGAL'S DREAM.

“ Mother ! oh, mother ! what, already gone ?
Was it a dream ?—am I indeed alone ?
Cold sweat stands thickly on my aching brow.
Ah, mother, thou didst say 'twas branded now—
Branded with what ?—with infamy and shame !
Alas ! dishonoured is my once fair name.
My boyhood promised well ; but now I stand
A wreck in manhood—shunned on every hand :
E'en in my troubled sleep I strove to hide
These matted locks ;—mother, they were your pride ;
You called them father's : I can call to mind
How oft their glossy rings your fingers twined ;
But time hath passed, and many changes wrought—
The guileless child a gentle mother taught ;
The little one who lisped his evening hymn,
And read the Bible when her eyes grew dim—

Who gave back tear for tear, and smile for smile,
And sought her every sorrow to beguile,
So full of love and life, and hope and joy;
Mother, you made an idol of your boy!
Then died and left him—can it be the same
Which stands before thee now with burning shame?
Whose sins have reached the precincts of the blest,
And called a spirit from its sacred rest?
I am not fit to live, less still to die!
Mother, again thy sable pall creeps by;
Again thy shrouded form this warning gives—
Let him who fears to die, test how he lives!
Lives!—I have never lived since thou wert dead!
Madly I run the course I feared to tread;
The flowers I plucked all withered in my grasp,
And purer joys died in my poisoned clasp.
I could not kneel—alas, I could not pray!
And then my better angel fled away;
And my betrothed, my Mary, left me too;
Mother, thy last upbraiding words were true.
O'er her young life I have a shadow cast;
And yet I loved her fondly to the last;
She was my guiding star, so pure and bright,
That e'en my griefs hid 'neath its rays of light;
Her silvery voice seemed made to soothe and cheer,
And sweetly fell upon the list'ner's ear.
Beauty infatuates with thousand wiles,
And captivates the senses with its smiles;

But purity and goodness touch the heart ;
The face bears impress of the better part :
The one has practised arts for armour bright,
And fools, like moths, bask in its luring light :
The other holds the olive branch of peace ;
Where'er it waves—pride, sin, and passion cease.
My dissipated nights of dance and song
Were shared by one whose love seemed pure and strong.
Her eyes were beautiful—just like a well
Of earnest love !—they cast o'er me their spell ;
But still I loved her not, and strove in vain
To break her woven spells, and freedom gain.
Fortune was lavish then, and showers of gold
Made Kate forget my traitor heart was cold ;
But when the goddess changed, I reckless grew—
For large and larger stakes the false dice threw ;
Still, still I lost—my breath grew thick and hot,
I watched the growing gains my comrade got ;
My eyes burned fiercely, till they glowed with pain ;
I staked a fortune then—and lost again.
I knew no more :—a fever laid me low ;
I rose to meet a second crushing blow !
Kate—where was Kate ?—I would not be denied ;
Alas, she had become my comrade's bride.
I cursed her in my first deep agony,
And back the curse has echoed mockingly.
She left my side for wealth, nor knew that I
Had vast estates my rival could not buy.

I left my Mary for the gambler's fate,
 And found its joys were hollow, all too late.
 Mother, you know the rest—thy vision bright,
 Which burst in spirit-beauty on my sight;
 Thy call to penitence, and promise sweet,
 Of peace and pardon at the Saviour's feet.
 What yet remains?—I will at once arise,
 With outstretched hands and with uplifted eyes:
 'Father, I've sinned, yet cast me not away;
 Low at Thy footstool let the sinner lay:
 I perish!—hungry, thirsty, faint, and weak;
 Oh Lord! thy servant waits to hear Thee speak.'"

* * * * *

"How slow the dark night wanes—I cannot rest!
 Both hope and fear alternate in my breast."

* * * * *

"At last the mists dispel: a little ray
 Plays o'er my features—'tis the light of day.
 Ah! what is this?—oh, joy! 'tis Mary's book,
 O'er which in happier days we counsel took;
 Her much-loved Bible—I can see it now!
 'Twas her cool hand which laved my burning brow;
 'Twas her who watched my almost dying bed,
 And smoothed the pillows 'neath my aching head.
 I felt her presence oft, and could but deem
 It was the fevered offspring of a dream;
 But now my very sighs dissolve in bliss!
 Man feels on earth but one such day as this.

Mary restored, and all my sins forgiven—
A paradise on earth, and hope of heaven !”

Behold, afar, the travel-stained son !
And, lo ! to meet him has the father run.
The fond embrace—the kiss—the starting tear—
Proclaim forgiveness with a love sincere.
The fatted calf is killed, and music springs
In every human heart its golden strings ;
The father's voice re-echoes back the strain,
“ My son was dead, and is alive again !”
And now a thousand angels swell the sound—
“ A prodigal was lost—a son is found !”

A T Y P E.

The leprosy typified Sin :
We are lepers, but know of a cure,—
The blood of Christ cleanseth within,
And makes e'en the vilest one pure.

Though spots red and angry appear—
Ill temper, and malice, and pride ;
They'll fade 'neath the penitent tear,
Through the blood of the Saviour that died.

TO MY FATHER.

Dear Father, 'tis thy natal day, and life is but a span ;
Yet thou art still, we joy to say, a hale and healthy man.
Although full sixty years have sped since thou wert given
to bless

A parent's heart, and fill a void of untold tenderness,
Oh, who could pass through such a day without a single sigh
To those who die not in our hearts—who live in memory.
The scene has changed, dear Father, now, and sons and
daughters rise,

To bless thy name and share thy love, which they so
dearly prize.

Grandchildren, too, cling round thy knee, reflecting back
the day,

When first thy name was prattled forth by children young
as they ;—

These last remain, a fluttering tribe—the household pets
of all ;

So ready for a toy or bribe to answer every call.

The morning of thy life has passed, and noon with calmer
grace

Serenely sits, dear Father, now, upon thy hallowed face ;
And swarms of friends, like summer flowers, will greet
thee on this day,

With every wish that Friendship's mind can think, devise,
or say :

They'll wish that thou may'st prosp'rous be, and fast
increase thy wealth,—

They'll wish thee hours of happiness, long life, and rosy
health,—

They'll wish thy days may calmly glide down Time's fast
flowing stream—

They cannot see the land beyond—the rest they faintly
dream.

Then, Father, I'll take up the wish thus dimly lost to sight,
And pray thou mayst the Saviour choose, to steer thy
course aright;

He'll pilot thee, when dashing waves and angry surges
roar—

He knows the path—He travelled it through blood and
tears before;

In boisterous winds and heavy gales, He'll bid thee
kneel in prayer;

Thy sins are heavy—pray to God—thou'lt lose thy
burden there;

And when thy brow is sorrowful, and ceaseless storms arise,
He'll give thee faith, and bid thee raise to heaven thy
longing eyes;

He'll shew thee that the lightning's flash but opens
heaven above,

To give thy soul a nearer view of God—the God of love.
There is no earthly harbour nigh—but, oh, the Saviour's
breast

Presents a refuge safe and sure to give the weary rest.

'Tis there grief-stricken sinners fly, when clouds of
blackest night

Surround and wreck their earthly hopes, and bear them
from their sight.

They seek for comfort, but they find the worldly cannot spare
Time from their pleasures to bestow a thought on their
despair ;

'Tis then the gates of heaven enlarge, and spirits wing
their forms,

To whisper messages of peace, and guide them through
the storms.

But, Father, there are other days, with deeper danger
fraught,

Both to the learned and the wise, the simple and untaught ;

'Tis when bright sunny days arise and cling around the
heart,

And prosp'rous gold and flattering lips both bear an
equal part ;

When glittering showers of beauteous things flit fast
before the sight,

And music sweetly charms the ear, and puts dull care
to flight ;

When worldly pleasure fast unfolds her tints of varied hue,
Inviting golden members in her follies to pursue ;

'Tis then in strength walks vanity, arrayed in pompous
state,

With gorgeous trappings o'er her thrown, she stands
among the great ;

And swells the heart of man with pride, until erect alone,
He stoops not to his fellow-man, nor bows before the
throne.

'Tis then the stream of life upon her bosom bears the
wrecks

Of ships that bore light-hearted forms upon their gold-
paved decks ;

The bodies still remain—but, oh ! the souls are far away
From that bright shore they should have reached ere
night succeeded day.

But thou, with Jesus for thy guide, mayst safely reach
the spot

Where troubles quickly disappear—where sorrows are
forgot—

Where tears are dried, and sighs unknown—where trials
all are past,

And the arch-enemy, grim Death, is overcome at last !

There, golden harps shall be unstrung, and melodies
shall greet

Thy raptured spirit, now prepared and made for heaven
meet ;

Bright saints shall welcome thine approach, the while
sublime and grand,

The lofty arches of the sky shall at thy gaze expand,
And angels bright, with shining wings, shall guide thy
blissful soul

To Him who saved thee, by His Son, from sin and sin's
control.

Thou'lt hear the blessed words, "Well done," and then
 with joy complete,
 Thy soul shall melt in grateful praise before the mercy-seat.
 This, then, dear Father, is my wish—my fervent wish
 to-day ;
 And, oh, believe my earnest heart breathes every word
 I say.
 And when the evening of thy life, with dimness shades
 thine eye,
 May'st thou, with strengthened faith behold thy mansion
 in thy sky ;
 Then wait the welcome moment, which shall burst the
 fragile chain,
 That binds thine everlasting soul unto this world of pain.



AN ACROSTIC.—"MOTHER."

M ay angels bless and guard thee, mother dear ;
 O 'er thee their hovering wings protecting spread !
 T he Lord cause thee to feel His presence near ;
 H is choicest blessings still o'er thee be shed ;
 E ver descending, like the evening dew,
 R efreshing thee, and strengthening anew.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Though many by wealth are surrounded,
And riches to me are denied ;
My life by contentment is bounded,
I know that "the Lord will provide."

The worldly get sated with pleasure,
And ever seek new far and wide ;
But I have a heavenly treasure,
Which Jesus "the Lord will provide."

Society—titles—position,
Teach naught but presumption and pride ;
They heed not the pure Gospel mission,
And seek not "the Lord to provide."

But, sweet to the ears of the grieving,
The heart sorely stricken and tried,
Is the message which hoping, believing,
Assures us "the Lord will provide."

When clouds that seem bursting with sorrow
And storms, hedge us in on each side,
Hope smiles—'twill be sunny to-morrow,
Faith whispers—"the Lord will provide."

When death snaps the chord of our gladness,
A friend or a parent has died,
The Comforter checks all our sadness—
“ Fear not, for ‘ the Lord will provide.’ ”

The motherless children He gathers,
They safe 'neath His shadow abide,
In confidence, braving all weathers ;
Their Father they know “ will provide.”

He helps the meek-hearted and lowly ;
The poor with rich grace are supplied ;
The sinner may trust in Him wholly,
Repent, and “ the Lord will provide.”

Loving chords that seem melting with kindness,
Are drawing us nearer His side ;
He pitied our natural blindness,
And sent His dear Son to provide.

His loved ones in mercy He chastens,
And tries them as silver is tried ;
Their path thus to glory He hastens,
Eternally there to provide.

Then lift up the hands that are drooping,
The feeble knees strengthen beside ;
Behold where the Saviour is stooping,
To hear—to forgive—to provide.

From the slumbers of sin now awaking,
To be my Protector and Guide,
The world and its pleasures forsaking,
I seek thee, oh Lord, to provide.

Thou never wilt leave or forsake me,
I fear not whatever betide ;
And when Death at last shall o'ertake me,
I know that "the Lord will provide."



TO A FRIEND IN SICKNESS.

Charlotte, thou'rt sick and suffering now,
And pain contracts thy once smooth brow,
And pales thy cheek.
I cannot tell thee what I feel,
But Him who has the power to heal,
By prayer I'll seek.

And though thine eye that flashed in mirth,
And brightly gleamed sweet joy at birth,
Is shaded o'er ;
And though thy voice, whose gentle tone
Was for its very sweetness known,
Can speak no more :

Still, dearest, thy soul's God and mine,
Shall brightly cause thine eye to shine
 With holy light ;
And thus he'll cheer thy feeble voice,
" Rejoice, again I say rejoice,
 With power and might.

" For I but held the chastening rod,
To draw thee nearer to thy God—
 His child to be.
I've sent my Spirit down to say,
' I am the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Come unto me.'

" I'll lull thy weary soul to rest,
And hide thy sorrows in my breast,
 Until I know
Thy faith is strong enough to bear
Temptation's lure and Satan's snare—
 Thy deadly foe !

" And then I'll dress thy cheek with health,
Thy lips shall revel in the wealth
 Of smiles once more ;
The rainbow of my love I'll spread,
In glowing colours round thy head ;
 Grief's flood is o'er."

“Thine elder brother, God the Son,
For thee, th’ atoning work hath done,
And bids thee live;
And though thine eye with grief is dim,
Oh, raise it trustingly to Him—
He’ll comfort give.

Black clouds may thickly shade thy sun,
Yet meekly say “Thy will be done,”
And brightly then,
The Sun of Righteousness, with power
Shall light thy soul, and in that hour
I’ll say “Amen.”

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

Saviour, I’ll take the cup; the blood-red wine
I’ll drink with reverence, fresh from the vine;
’Twill strengthen every branch with nourishment,
From living roots whose life will ne’er be spent.

Saviour, I’ll take the bread—broken for me—
And eat in sweet remembrance of thee;
I hunger, thirst, for righteousness, and lo,
I seek the streams whence living waters flow.

Saviour, I've sought thee sorrowing, and mine eyes
Have longed for thy salvation: when shall arise
Within my soul, and be applied, the vision—
Christ's blood and body, for my rich provision.

Saviour, I'll take the cross; but not alone
Have I the strength to bear it—strength, thine own,
Must in my weakness be most perfect made,
For upon Thee the sinner's cross was laid.

Saviour, when at Thine altar lowly bending,
In deep humility, and meekly sending
Upwards a prayer for health to my sick soul,
Do Thou in mercy say, "Daughter, be whole."



TO MATILDA.

Sister, I sat and gazed awhile,
Upon thy little infant's face;
Methought a look of thine to trace,
When lo, a smile—
So pure, so beautiful, so bright,
Broke o'er her dimpling features fair,
Filling her eyes with holy light,
And resting there.

Oh, how I loved her as she lay,
In commune with some spirit band
Of ransomed babes, who'd left their land
Of endless day,
To welcome her—a child of earth—
To fan their breath upon her cheek,
And paint the joys of second birth,
Ere she could speak.

Serene and calm, her list'ning soul
Seemed wrapt in wonder and amaze,
While glowed her cheeks beneath their gaze
As music stole
From every hovering seraph's wings,
E'en as they bent their farewell look,
Then forth their flight to heavenly things
They upward took.

All, all was still, and Eva's eyes
Soft closed in sleep—then earnest prayer
Came from my heart—sped through the air,
And sought the skies.
I prayed, Matilda, God would bless,
And to thy child a father be;
Then with a sister's earnestness,
I prayed for thee.

A mother's love is pure and strong,
And back the current feeling flows
To her young babe, and stronger grows
Its whole life long.

Who can with mothers' patience teach ?
Or like a mother can forbear,
And watch, and warn, endure, beseech,
And all things dare ?

None, none ! and therefore did I pray
That thou with heaven's choicest dew
Be strengthened, and that strength renew
Each hour and day ;

To wisely teach thy infant's tongue
To early lisp the Saviour's praise—
A spark that's kindled in the young,
Burns bright in age.

And children that are early led
To Jesu's house—His house of prayer,
Will love to kneel and worship there,
When youth has fled.

Affectionate and dutiful,
A face that beams with love and truth
There's nought on earth so beautiful
As Christian youth.

Angels have sown the seeds of love
Within thy little Eva's heart ;
Now, therefore, dearest, do thy part,
Train for above.
Lead her where sins are all forgiven,
Root evil habits, tend with care ;
And though an earthly plant—in heaven
She'll blossom fair.

“HABBAKUK, CHAP. III., v. 17—19.”

Although the fig-tree blossom not again,
Nor any fruit upon the vines remain ;
Although the labour of the olive fail,
And scarcity in every field prevail ;
Although the flock be cut off from the fold,
And stalled herd mine eyes no more behold ;
Yet in the Lord still greatly I'll rejoice,
God, my salvation, swells my feeble voice ;
And praises, like the laugh of golden corn,
Scatter the night of doubt, and wake the morn.
My strength is drawn straight from the fountain head,
Whence flow the living streams of white and red ;

The cross of Christ is twined with flowers of love,
And there I gather chaplets from above.
Troubles !—what are they ? but a transient shower
That bends to earth the weak and fragile flower ;
And passing by, leaves that sweet flower to stand
In strengthened beauty 'mid her sister band.
Troubles may come—I'll bend beneath the rod,
And still rejoice in Christ, my Saviour God ;
Upon high places He will make me ride,
Cast down the strongholds—passion, sin, and pride.
Upon the “ Rock of Ages ” make me stand,
And give sweet glimpses of the better land ;
Then lock me fast in faith's triumphant ark,
And through life's waters guide the pilgrim bark.

TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL ON HER
WEDDING DAY.

Fair daughter of Britain, we hail thee with gladness—
Away every thought, every feeling of sadness !
We greet thee with smiles, and our prayers aye shall be
In a far distant land keeping watch over thee.

This morn at the altar, dear Princess, thou'lt stand,
And follow the gift of thy heart with thy hand ;
Still calm and majestic in bridal array,
How proudly Old England will give thee away !

The church bells are ringing!—we gaze on thee now,
With lilies of purity twining thy brow ;
And the sweet blushing rose ever sweeping thy cheek,
And breathing a language which words cannot speak.

Prince Frederick approaches, and claiming with pride
The Princess of England, his beautiful bride ;
The service is read, and the twain may not sever,
For whom God hath joined are united for ever.

Farewell ! with thy husband go forth in thy youth,
And the creed of thy fathers preserve thee in truth ;
And when far on the ocean we view thee no more,
Every billow shall swell with a prayer from our shore.



TO A LITTLE CHILD ON HER BIRTHDAY.

How happy thou'rt looking this morning !
Smiles dimple all over thy face ;
Thy birthday is happily dawning,
And joy in each feature I trace.

Kind friends, Emmy dear, are surrounding,
And " Happy returns of the day "
From many kind lips is resounding,
And leaves me but little to say.

But still I can wish thee sincerely
A childhood of innocence now,
And a girlhood where virtues more clearly
Shall crown with fresh lustre thy brow.

May'st thou grow up a joy to thy mother,
To thy father a comfort and stay ;
May the love of each sister and brother
Increase for thee every day !

Thy face is now beaming with gladness,
Thine eye full of sunshine appears ;
May thy brow ne'er be clouded by sadness
Nor eye dim with sorrow and tears !

May thy life and thy gentle behaviour
Unfold like the beautiful rose ;
Like the bright Rose of Sharon, thy Saviour,
Each year may fresh sweetness disclose !

But, stainless, thy sins all forgiven,
Like the lily, dear child, may'st thou die ;
And by Jesus transplanted to heaven,
Re-blossom in gardens on high !



“KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS.”

When sorrow o'erwhelmed me I stood in despair,
And murmured with Cain,—“'Tis too heavy to bear;”
Till I thought of the Saviour, and left it in prayer
At Calvary's cross.

When one whom I prized far above all the rest,
Whose smile was my sunshine, whose pillow my breast,
Was false to the heart which had loved her the best.
I took up the cross.

But 'twas heavy to bear, and my soul could not see
The use that a burden so grievous could be,
Till I found that the Saviour bore greater for me;
E'en Calvary's cross.

Then I knew that in love I was chastened of God,
And meekly I bowed 'neath the terrible rod;
Still drawing my comfort as onward I trod
From Calvary's cross.

My heart to the false one was lovingly bound,
But now the dear idol is cast to the ground;
A friend I have lost, but a Saviour I've found
At Calvary's cross.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR A SUNDAY
SCHOOL.

All hail to thee, Christmas ; thy holly-crowned brow,
And locks frosted over by Time,
Are dear to the children that welcome thee now,
And echo the merry church chime.

In England—dear England—the land of our birth,
Glad fires are blazing around ;
And good cheer and kindness give zest to our mirth,
While singing our holiday round.

We sing of our Saviour, and sweet is the story
Of Him who came down from above ;
Was born in a manger, while angels gave glory,
And sounded his measureless love.

We sing of His childhood and gentle behaviour,
And imitate all that we can ;
We sing of His manhood, and own Him the Saviour
That reconciled God unto man.

He died to redeem us ; and now, lo ! He liveth
Above the bright stars we behold :
He is the good Shepherd—the good Shepherd giveth
His life for the sheep of His fold.

Now mercy, like dew from the heavens descending,
In gentle compassion is poured ;
Forgiveness and love, in rich streams never ending,
Flow down from our glorified Lord.



A W I S H.

What shall I wish thee?—not the yellow gold,
Which makes so many loving hearts grow cold :
Far, far from thee be man's first griping thought ;
Alas—how often is it dearly bought !

What shall I wish thee?—" Love of power !" Ah, no !
That made e'en angels fall to depths below :
Ambition never rests—it onward flies ;
And then, unsatisfied, unsated dies !

What shall I wish thee?—" Fame !"—that thorny tree
Yields not the fruit that I would pluck for thee ;
It grows on mountain heights hard to attain,
Sweet to the taste, yet leaves a stinging pain.

What shall I wish thee?—" Love !"—that goodly gem
Kings seldom glitter in their diadem ;—
No gold can buy what gentleness may win ;
It lightens care, and glads the heart within.

What shall I wish thee?—"Friendship!"—its rich sheen
Flings o'er the soul an everliving green;
Its pure unselfish blossom doth unite
Both strength and constancy in stainless white.

What shall I wish thee?—"Cheerfulness and Health!"
Content and love, and friendship be thy wealth;
May all thy wishes upward tend, and be
Approved of God, and then bestowed on thee.

May length of years be thine; and may the poor
Garlands of blessings wreath around thy door;
Then at the last may'st thou all calmly die,
And angels wing thee to eternity.



TO A LADY IN SICKNESS.

Dear lady, lo, thy cheek is pale,
And pain has lowly bent thy form;
But see, the lily in yon vale
Bends meekly to the storm,—

But lifts again its lovely head,
Unscathed by that rude blast:
Those hasty drops of rain but shed
Refreshment as they passed.

And beautiful and stronger now,
The little flower with gems arrayed,
Smiles at the storm which laid it low,
And glistens in the shade.

And thou, like that sweet flower hast bent,
Hast meekly said "Thy will be done;"
And, lady, was not comfort sent,
And joy in God's dear Son?

Did not the Saviour stand beside,
To smooth thy pillows with His love?
Did He not shew thee how He died,
To give thee rest above.

In sorrow's darkest saddest hour,
When most thy aching temples throbbed,
Has not the Comforter with power,
Pain of its suffering robbed?

At midnight hour, when all was still,
And angel guards kept watch around;
Did not sweet peace thy bosom fill,
And music breathe in every sound?

The saint with crumbs is never fed,
Dropped from the table of his Lord;
But, with the richest, best, instead,
His Master's table can afford.

Oh, there are times when mortal eyes,
So plainly view the crown and cross,
That when the soul thus heav'nward flies,
All things for Christ can seem but loss.

And closer then we walk with God,
In prayer more often kneel ;
And feel how loving was the rod,
Which only bruised to heal.

But gaze again upon that flower,
Its gems have vanished now ;
They fled—the dew-drops of an hour,
Beneath the sun's warm glow.

But, Christian, when the Saviour's voice
Calls thee to realms of light,
He'll crown thy brow, while saints rejoice,
With lasting jewels bright.

Bathe thee in streams of glittering gold,
Too pure for mortal gaze,
And swell thy soul with joys untold,
Beneath His living rays.

Lady, farewell, an earnest prayer,
That we on that blest shore
May meet and clasp each other there,
I'll breathe for evermore.

F A I T H.

I'm launched on the ocean of life,
Secure in a strong little ark ;
Around me is warfare and strife—
On, onward still presses my bark.

She gallantly rides on the wave,
" Sweet Faith " is the name that she bears ;
She'll float to the end of the grave,
And be lost when fruition appears.

Beyond the dark tomb there is bliss—
Vast, boundless, beyond every thought ;
Faith carries us onward to this,
Saying, lo, with a price ye are bought.

Look, look, unto Jesus's blood,
Accept his free offers of grace ;
And safe from the deluging flood,
Shall victory finish thy race ?

What, though storm and tempest may lower,
The threatening waters may rise ;
Take comfort, that sorrowing hour
Lifts upwards thy soul to the skies.

God chastens the child of His love,
And we are His children we know ;
Faith points us to mansions above,
And onward and upward we go.



TO MY MOTHER.

Another year has swiftly sped. Mother, thy birthday now
Deepens the lines of anxious thought upon thy hallowed
brow ;
Say, art thou looking back to years, when 'mid the
daisied grass,
Thy infant spirit scarce could note the happy moments
pass—
When life seemed an eternity ; the future, bright and fair,
With rainbow hopes of love and joy, all sweetly garnered
there ?
Or art thou dreaming of the time, when, as a youthful wife,
Thy soul awoke to all the stern realities of life ?
When cradled in thine arms, the babe, upon whose up-
turned face,
Its father's smile or look of love, thou fondly sought'st
to trace ;

When little ones came gathering fast, and clustered
round thy chair,

Mingling amid thy joy of heart, a matron's anxious care ?
Dear mother, well I know, in all these mem'ries of the
past,

Two sainted forms will o'er thy thoughts a sacred halo cast ;
They'll pass before thy thinking mind, in robes of purest
love,

Like guardian angels, come to watch their dear ones from
above.

The grave hath won thy parents' forms—hath triumphed
o'er their clay,

Their souls have sped to heaven, through Christ the new
and living way ;

And praying still, "Thy kingdom come," their prayer
encircles thee,—

Sweeps through the universe of saints, and bends the
sinner's knee.

Mother, the birthday of the soul to purer joys on high,
Must make the longing Christian feel 'tis passing sweet
to die ;

And this thy natal day is but a landmark on thy track,
That loudly utters, "Time is short"—"Press onwards,"
—"Look not back."

But, Mother, what shall be my wish—my offering to-day,
Is there a greeting left unsaid, a prayer I yet may pray ?
Ah, no, and true affection needs no eloquence of words,
Freely it gushes from the heart, like melody of birds ;

And birds retain their free-born note, while, through the
summer long,

We gladly listen to their sweet, though oft-repeated song ;
And so my wishes are the same : the violet's tiny bloom
Each year upon the grateful air breathes forth the same
perfume ;

But, bent beneath a passing shower, or struck by ruder
blast,

Forth from her breast, the wounded flower will double
virtue cast.

Thus changeless, Mother, is the love thy child doth bear
for thee,

Enshrined within her secret soul, in crystal purity.

Thy slightest grief disturbs its calm, perchance thy tear
alone

Hath power to show thou dost possess affection—all
thine own ;

And when that child is stricken down by sorrow, care,
or pain,

And thou dost sweetly soothe and wake her sleeping
smiles again,

Then, Mother, thou canst plainly see the love that never
dies,

Sweep as the sunlight o'er her face and sparkle in her eyes ;

And, oh ! if thou should'st be the first the Saviour calls to rest,

To lull thy weary spirit on His dear redeeming breast,

Thy hovering presence I shall feel, chasing my griefs afar,

And steal the reflex of thy smile from every glittering star.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

Awake, sluggish Sinner ! why waste any longer
The talents thy Maker has lent ;
The bands of the listless each moment grew stronger,
The oil in thy lamp is nigh spent.

Up, up ! and be doing, ere cometh the Bridegroom :
Ye long have received his behest
To come to the wedding, where none are denied room,
The door opens free to each guest.

Art thou seeking a garment, wherewith t' appear in ?
Art thou still crying, " What shall I do ?"
Lift upward thine eye ! with a penitent tear in,
And the Bible search prayerfully through.

Thou'lt read there of fishermen toiling till morning,
Nor staying to fruitlessly fret ;
But though they caught nothing when daylight was
dawning,
Each fisherman mended his net.

Nor fainting, nor fearing, their faith was unbounded,
They knew that their God would provide ;
When lo ! Jesus came with a multitude round him,
And stood by the fishermen's side.

Read on, and their faith thou wilt find further tested ;
 " Prepare for a draught," said the Lord :
They believed Him, obeyed Him, upon His word rested,
 Cast nets, and obtained the reward.

Then try again, try again,—up, and be doing,
 Work cheerfully while it is day ;
With diligence ever thy business pursuing,
 Nor riot thy substance away.

But think of the poor man ; the widow remember ;
 The fatherless children relieve ;
Clothe ye the naked, in dreary December,
 And comfort the mourners that grieve ;

Cheer the faint-hearted ; read to the blind one ;
 Go visit the sick and distress'd :
Keep peace with all men ; a word, if a kind one,
 Will set even malice at rest.

And should Christian unity round thee e'er sever,
 Or net of good fellowship break ;
With cords of affection weave stronger than ever
 The breaches such discord would make.

At least, by example, the young and the hoary,
 The rich and the poor may do good ;
Take for thy comfort the beautiful story
 Of Mary, who did what she could.

The Saviour is waiting to give thee His blessing,
The race is for simple and wise ;
Awake ! sluggish Sinner — on, onward be pressing,
To gain immortality's prize.

JUBILEE SONG FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL

Again we close a happy year ;
And gladly we assemble here,
To meet the friends whose tender love
Would train us for the courts above.

We daily tread the path to school,
And there submit to every rule,
That we may please our teachers kind,
And thus their sure approval find.

We bless our God, that though we're poor,
We're freely born on Britain's shore ;
Where children are throughout the land,
A favoured and a happy band.

We have a queen, whose gentle sway
Her subjects gladly all obey ;
What queen so good, or subjects loyal,
As those which honour Britain's soil ?

We have a pastor, too, besides—
A skilful pilot, who would guide
The little flock he loves to meet,
And leave them at the Saviour's feet.

Oh, then, we ought to raise our voice,
For all these blessings to rejoice ;
And pray to meet in God's abode,
The friends who helped us on the road.

Farewell, dear Christmas ! ere we part,
We'll thank our friends with grateful heart,
And hope we shall deserve next year,
Again to taste their Christmas cheer.

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

Pray on, pray on, with bended knee,
And soul uplifted high ;
Until thy God reveal to thee,
His love's immensity.

Pray with the worshippers, who love
Their gentle Saviour King ;
Pray now ! thou'lt praise in heaven above,
And hallelujahs sing.

Then every trembling heart-felt prayer,
Each quivering low cadence,
Shall burst the still expectant air
In thrilling eloquence.

Pray on, pray on ! milk for the weak,
And strong meat for the strong ;
Pray on, pray on ! the food ye seek
Shall strengthen thee ere long.



JOSEPH'S EXPOSTULATION WHEN SOLD
INTO EGYPT.



And must I leave thee, brothers, dear,
And have you in your hearts no fear,
For the God that reigns above ?
Oh ! sell me not to undergo
A life of misery, pain, and woe,—
But treat me with a brother's love.

Then take me to my home again,
And I will never give you pain,
By any word or deed ;
Or kill me—'twould be better far,
Than sending me where heathens are—
A dreadful life to lead.

My gentle father dear would mourn,
If told his fav'rite son was gone
To be dark Egypt's slave.
Indeed, indeed, I dread to think,
The news would bring him on the brink
Of death's o'erwhelming wave.

But, no, your looks too plainly show
My words are vain, that I must go,
But I forgive you all ;
And God shall ever be my guide—
To Him my troubles I'll confide,
The great as well as small.



THE ROCK OF STRENGTH.


Trouble steps heavily ;
Murmuring wearily,
I kneel me in prayer ;
And the Comforter's voice,
Softly whispers me there,
Rejoicing, rejoice !
For my message to thee,
Is, "e'en as thy day,
So shall thy strength be."

Full gladly I rise
And lift upward mine eyes—
The gloom of to-morrow
Oppresses no more ;
Its floodtide of sorrow
Has gently passed o'er,
With the message to me,
That, "e'en as my day,
So shall my strength be."

Then I take up the cross,
Counting all things but loss,
For the knowledge of love
Which my Saviour has given,
And with help from above,
Press onwards to heaven ;
For the message to me,
Is, "e'en as my day,
So shall my strength be."

Believer, fear not,
Though hard be thy lot,
Think of Jesus's birth ;
Then think how he died :
When even the earth
Strove his anguish to hide.
And the message to thee,
Is, "e'en as thy day,
So shall thy strength be."

Whatever thy grief,
Seek instant relief
At the footstool of grace ;
And still the same voice
All sweetly thou'lt trace,
Rejoicing, rejoice !
For my message to thee,
Is, "e'en as thy day,
So shall thy strength be."



FRIENDSHIP.

A Friend ! How few can comprehend,
Or feel, or e'en express,
The depth of love that's hid beneath
That word of tenderness !

Not as 'tis lightly used by some,
Whom, gay of heart would name,
Their mere acquaintance as their Friends,
And class them all the same.

But to those who have really found
One they could trust in need,
That little oft-used word is fraught
With meaning deep indeed.

THE SINNER'S PRAYER.

Lord, I am sinful, poor, and weak,
To do Thy will I daily seek,
 But sow in tears;
A stumbling-block lies in the road,
That leads me to thy blest abode,
 'Tis doubting fears.

I come to Thee, for Thou hast said,
Although thy soul in sins be dead,
 Yet thou shalt live;
My quickening spirit I'll impart,
To change thy stony stubborn heart,
 And Faith I'll give.

My grace sufficient is for thee,
Come, weary sinner, come to me,
 Why will ye die?
I'll draw thee with a loving cord,
And give thee comfort from my word,
 And strength supply.

Lord, I have come, receive me now,
Behold I humbly, meekly bow,
 In prayer to Thee;
I only plead my Saviour's blood—
Oh, wash me in that crimson flood,
 Which flowed for me.

When Peter trod the dancing wave,
He doubted, and the yawning grave
Sought for its prey ;
He looked to Thee, and in that hour,
He proved Thy saving strength and power—
The Truth, the Way.

Lord, I believe : but my hard heart
Acts still the unbeliever's part—
I daily sin ;
Oh, save my sorrow-sinking soul,
O'er which temptation's billows roll,
And cleanse within.

I wish to serve Thee as I should,
To hate the evil, love the good,
And do Thy will ;
But storm and fire are raging fast,
Oh ! grant when these are overpast,
Thy " Peace be still."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

How joyful the dawning of that happy morning,
When Jesus was born upon earth !
Bright Angels were bringing the tidings and singing
A glad song to herald His birth.

Though holy, thrice holy, yet humble and lowly,
The Babe in a manger was laid ;
The Shiloh expected,—yet scorned and rejected,
A willing sin-offering made.

The bright rose of Sharon prefigured of Aaron,
Who offered a lamb in his stead ;
Till the long-promised seed and one sacrifice bleed,
The serpent to bruise in the head.

A bright Christmas morning is peacefully dawning,
Rejoicing spreads over the earth ;
The church bells are ringing, and children are singing,
A glad hymn of Jesus's birth.



TO AN AGED FRIEND.

In the morning I miss thee, thy greeting was sweet,
Though few were the words thou didst say.
Oh, happiness, why are thy pinions so fleet,
Bearing all that is pleasant away ?

At noontide I miss thee, when troubled, my brow
Distracted with business and care,
I long for thy presence—not one is left now,
My joys or my pleasures to share.

I miss thee at eve, as I sit all alone,
And read a bright page of the past;
Rememb'ring those few earnest words of thine own,
"Earth's joys are too fragile to last."

Then I mind of the cross thou hast urged me to bear,
And the crown thou art fain I should win;
And lowly I kneel at the footstool of prayer,
And plead the atonement for sin.

I strive to look upward, and often I sigh
For the comfort thy words would impart;
Dispirited, sorrowing, scarce knowing why
Faith reigns not as yet in my heart.

Oh, pray for me now, that I turn not aside;
Pray, pray that my soul may not rest,
Till I see in Christ Jesus the Saviour that died,
And hide every thought in his breast.



EVERY CHRISTIAN TO HIS CLOSET.

Every Christian to his closet! the cry for prayer goes forth;
It echoes through the land, but finds no resting place,
And, like Noah's dove, returns to those whom God loves
best,
And loudly calls each Christian to his closet.

Cry ! cry ! ye chosen ones of God, for help !
Pray without ceasing ! and thy blessed Lord ere long
Will send the leaf of green, to cheer his fainting people ;
And the waters of affliction, which, even now
Are sweeping through our land, drowning our English
 hearts

In grief unutterable—these very waters, at thy prayers,
Will change themselves to fruitful streams,
And the pure Gospel, springing up verdant and beautiful,
Will make the barren places sing with gladness.
Pray ! Christian, pray ! India is calling thee !
Blood ! blood is flowing there, and redly cries for help !
Death, on his white horse, moveth rapidly ;
And the loved ones of our hearts and homes,
Like stricken flowers, pass swift away in life's bright
 morning.

Oh ! we have sinned, we have sinned ! blinding our eyes
With yellow gold. We sought yet more from idol
 worshippers ;

Calmly we gazed upon their images—

“ They brought us wealth.” Unmoved we saw
Young infants slaughtered—“ for we were rich.”
And now God's thunderbolts are falling !
They crush our sons and daughters ; innocent blood,
Deep from the bowels of the earth, rose high for vengeance,
Even as Abel's blood of old ; it found an answer there.
God's ears are never heavy ; His eyes are never closed ;
His word stands firm, immutable : “ I will repay.”

Pray! Christian, pray! a nation knelt to supplicate
For mercy; and the seven thousand which bowed not
To Baal, lifted their hands entreatingly,
And prayers came warm from human hearts,
Which never prayed before.

God heard those prayers—he ever hears;
He looked from heaven, and his eyes
Ran to and fro upon the earth.

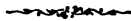
[What saw he there? Lord of the Sabbath, he beheld
It desecrated. Lips that had sued his clemency,
Were clamouring loud for pleasure!

Vain, sinful pleasure on his hallowed day;
And then, with wolfish subtlety, clothing their words
In wool and innocence, they sought to gloss
Their purpose with the vain semblance of religion.*]

Pray! Christian, pray! Shut to thy closet door:
Effectual, fervent prayer, must swell thy soul,
And make thee big with importunity.

The Destroying Angel hovers o'er us still,
And men grow faint with fear.

Arise, arise! Soldiers of Christ, put on thine armour now;
Wrestle with Jacob's faith, and thou shalt learn,
Battles yield not to strength, nor race to swift,
'Tis God alone can give the victory.



* An allusion to the desired opening of the Sydenham Palace.

THE MISSIONARY TO HIS YOUNG BRIDE.

I go to distant lands. "God's will be done."
Few are the labourers in the harvest field;
And lo, the fields are white to harvest now!
And thou, my heart's betrothed, wilt join my lot,
And dauntless face whole hordes of savages.
How can I love thee more? howe'er repay
Thy wondrous sacrifice of home and friends,
Thus to become a missionary's bride?
I knew not how to part with thee, and yet
My Master called; but now I go with joy:
Cheering the prospect is that erst was dark,
For God hath blest me with helpmeet indeed.

THE PROMISES AND EXHORTATIONS OF CHRIST.

"Incline thine ear," my son; the words I speak
Are music, pity, gentleness, and love;
The weary they refresh—strengthen the weak—
And give eternity of joys above.

“Why will ye die?”—with loving cords I draw
Repentant souls to my forgiving breast;
The chief of sinners, if he sin no more,
May grace the wedding as his Saviour’s guest.

“Grieve not the Spirit!”—lo, it intercedes
With groans no mortal can endure to hear;
Sinner, for thee the Holy Spirit pleads,
And thine infirmities still helps to bear.

“Examine yourselves!”—search deep thine inmost heart,
Root out the evil that yet lurks within;
Ask God for grace to choose the better part,
And strength to flee from every hurtful sin.

“Return unto Me!”—though thou hast been astray
Amid the paths where poisoned flow’rets grow;
Behold thy Lord, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Will make thy soul with purer joys o’erflow.

“Open thy mouth!”—low at the Saviour’s feet,
Each morn and eve, let fresh petitions rise;
Thy soul lift upwards to the mercy-seat,
And grace shall flow in ever fresh supplies.

“Endure unto the end!” and thou shalt saved be—
This is the Saviour’s promise sweet to thee;
Rise quickly then, and join the Christian band,
Now speeding onwards to the better land.

“ Abide in me ! ”—and like the fruitful vine,
A glorious vintage thou at last shalt yield ;
Thy presses shall burst out with new-made wine,
And corn shall laugh from every golden field.

“ Search the Scriptures ! ”—when night’s dark curtain falls,
Read of the Saviour, of his groans and tears ;
Watch ! pray, be ready when the Master calls,
To say with Samuel, “ Speak, Thy servant hears.”

“ Lovest thou me ? ”—on Calvary’s cross I died ;
In dark Gethsemane I prayed for thee ;
I loved thee first, and all thy wants supplied,
Then tell me, sinner, if thou lovest me.

“ Lo, I am with you ! ”—in temptation’s hour,
For thine escape I make a ready way ;
In the dark valley thou shalt feel my power,
And death shall wake in new-born endless day.

“ I have redeemed thee ! ”—called thee by thy name,
Be not the slave of sin and Satan now ;
Accept my ransom, flee from death and shame,
And bind the badge of freedom to thy brow.

“ He calleth thee ! ” How soon that loving voice
Answers thy sorrow—comes to thy relief ;
Lift up thine heart—Jesus, Thou art my choice,
And I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

“And he died!”—The common lot of man,
The saint, the sinner, bondman, and the free;
The Christian’s death is but new life began,
And death is swallowed up in victory.

“Rest from their labours!”—Yea, death is a rest,
Total cessation from all toil and care;
And sweetly pillow’d on the Saviour’s breast,
The Christian finds a rest and haven there.



VICTORIA.

V ictoria, our noble Queen, we proudly own thy sway,
I n battles oft thy magic name hath won the hard-fought
day;
C old, lifeless must a soldier be, e’er he forgoes the sword
T hat strikes for thee, and proudly wins thy smile for a
reward.
O n, on to victory we press; the thickest of the fight
R estrains us not, e’en though it be steep Balaclava’s
height.
I n every blood-red battle field we conquer or we die,
A nd every scar we bear proclaims thy soldiers never fly.

TO MARY.

Again, merry June ushers in with delight
A bright joyous birthday to you ;
She's laughingly put poor old Winter to flight,
And clothed hill and valley anew.

Windy March was the first tried to send him away,
But he freezingly frowned on her pains ;
And snowed hard, as if quite determined to stay,
Then hung her in icicle chains.

Next, April endeavoured to soften his heart,
She vowed her young plants would all die ;
And tearfully begged he would quickly depart,
And let smiling Summer draw nigh.

He almost consented, and then sancy May
So teased him with changing her tone,
That he said very crossly, he'd go right away,
And leave fickle damsels alone.

So June coaxed him softly to travel awhile,
She knew he'd grow stronger, she said ;
And he, day and night, travelled for many a mile,
Leaving flowers to spring from each bed.

Joy breathes all around you, the matronly trees
Sit watching their juvenile boughs,
As they idly and laughingly sport with the breeze,
Believing its lover-like vows.

Sweet Flora has dressed all her train in their best,
Displaying their charms with delight ;
And the sun warmly kisses each soft glowing breast,
As it blushes and droops with affright.

Dear Mary, my heart with the carol of birds
Sings gaily a greeting to you ;
But my wishes are far far too many for words,
And too deep to give utterance to.

May the sun that breathes life in the innermost heart,
Warm you with the rays of his love ;
And may you, dear, seek and obtain the good part,
And heirship to kingdoms above.

May your soul now put on its spring raiment of green,
Growing fruitful till harvest is nigh,
That when the Good Husbandman cometh to glean,
He may find an abundant supply.

May health be your dwelling, contentment your home,
And peace and full plenty surround ;
May prosperity follow wherever you roam,
And friends, true and faithful, abound.

Dear sister, believe me, I never can note
How much for your welfare I pray ;
For though every wish through the long year I wrote,
I still should have something to say.

But 'mid sunshine of pleasure, at June's early dawn,
As year after year speeds away ;
May your soul joy to prove, every natal-day morn,
A happy return of to-day.



TO ARTHUR.

It is thy natal day, and greetings sweet
Flood round thee like a rich gushing burst of melody.
What music is so grateful to the ear
As the soft murmurs of undying friendship ?
What voice so thrilling to the wanderer's soul
As that which echoes from his far-off home ?
E'en though 'tis wafted in the simple lines,
Traced by a parent's, or a sister's hand ;
These breathe their fragrance round thee on this day.
And e'en the merry comrade of an hour
Smiles gaily, as he wishes happiness.
At such a time the heart is like the bee
Laden with sweets, and big to bursting ;
And from the early dawn, whose freshened air

So lightly kissed thy forehead, and awoke
The quiet cheek that pressed the sleepy pillow,
To that still hour of night when the thick dews
Of heaven water earth with rich abundance ;
And the placid stars take their accustomed places,
And slowly trim their evening lamps, all self-possessed
and calm,

Alike unconscious of this world, its joys and sorrows.
From morn to eve, and through the livelong day
Sweet hope has held a Jubilee within thy breast ;
And yet thou hast been happy, and hast not been forgot
By one dear friend. Thy prospects are most bright ;
And for thy present toil promise a golden harvest.
For what then dost thou wish or hope ?
Hope argues lack of something that we much desire,
And therefore seems to dwell far off from happiness ;
And earthly happiness, though spreading wide,
Like a broad river, has still some narrow streams
Of suffering, that never cease to mix
With its pure waters, and thus disturb their peaceful flow.
Hope breathes in man from infancy. The child's first
Dawning aspiration is for manhood.
The dying Christian's longing prayer is Paradise.
The soldier fights for glory ; he strives and conquers,
And having gained what most his soul desired—
Rests he content ? Ah, no ! for each fresh victory
Inflames his ardency for more. Honour to honour—
Victory to victory—up and be doing, there's no rest for him.

Hope dwells in human hearts, scarce known though felt.
How many look for brighter days, while reason's eye
Can only trace the gloomy outline of a cloudy future?
Hope is a sweet comforter, and tells bright tales
Of joys to come,—thus making greater present bliss.
Be thine the Christian's hope, piercing through earth
And earthly things, and nearing Jesu's throne,
Where now He sits expecting, waiting still
Till all His enemies be made his footstool.
Oh! I wish this day—and from this day —
Thou may'st press on and onward through the path
To heaven. Flag not, nor look behind until the sun
Shines on thy sacred joy, and the quiet moon
Yields thee her calm and comfort.
And the steadfast stars sparkle God's promises of love,
And give thy faith a transient glimpse,
Beyond their burning ranks of that inheritance,
Prepared for thee before creation's dawn—
And for eternity!



PASSING AWAY.

How quickly the bright and beautiful fade,
How soon do the loveliest die;
And silently droop as though they were made,
But to murmur a sad "Good bye."

The crocus but raises its golden head,
Like a gleam of the summer sun ;
Then peacefully sleeps in its lowly bed,
For its mission on earth is done.

The rainbow but arches the clear blue sky,
Till all hearts are raised to heaven ;
Then breathes, as she mantles her glories by,
The promise which God has given.

The awak'ning sun ever seems to say,
In the strength of his burning might ;
Time speedeth away, work while it is day,
For behold I give place to night.

So life in the infant soul doth awake,
With a fitful uncertain breath ;
And if only one fragile link should break,
There will follow decay and death.

But moth cannot eat, and thief cannot steal,
The treasures laid up in heaven ;
Stern Time cannot set his withering seal,
On the hope of a heart forgiven.

Still changing must ever be things of earth,
But our spirits shall changeless be ;
When clothed in the robes of a second birth,
And of blest immortality.

CONSTANCY.

What is it makes the crimson blood
Rush to yon fair girl's brow?
What is it makes her stately form
Bend like the lily now?

It is Love's whisper softly breathed
By him who stands beside;
He murmurs, ere the flowers fade:
Be mine! oh, be my bride.

The word has passed her trembling lips,
The sweet assent is given;
The vow that binds two youthful hearts,
Is registered in heaven.

And can it be that fair young girl,
Now robed with dainty care,
Can leave her childhood's favored home,
A poor man's lot to share?

Can she, an heiress, deign to wed,
With one of low degree?
And can she gaze unshrinkingly,
On dreary poverty?

She can ; and more, mark well her brow,
Calm as a summer's sky ;
No ruffle there, to raise a doubt
Of her soul's constancy.

Glance yet again, behold the smile
That dimples o'er her cheek ;
'Tis tender trusting, and to him,
Tells more than words could speak.

And see those eyes of sparkling jet,
With dewy softness shine ;
As with a firmer step she breathes—
"Thine, love, for ever thine !"

Their glances meet—oh, who shall say
Love is not written there ?
And with a heart so firmly fixed,
What will not woman dare ?

She'll dare the scorn of worldly ones,
Who proudly pass her by ;
And glitt'ring scenes of vanity
She'll leave without a sigh.

She'll wear no more her jewels rare,
Lay by her costly dress ;
And wake her harp to cottage tunes,
Of thrilling tenderness ;

And stand in woman's pride by him
Who loves her more than life;
And grace his humble cottage home,
A cherish'd happy wife.

Parents, why seek ye to control
Affections wild and free?
Are all thy youthful days forgot,
And hid from memory.

Remember that one flame of love,
Will not alone depart;
The whole affections will become
Dead embers in the heart.

And only they who heeded not
Ambition's selfish voice,
Will tend thee in thy helpless years,
And make thy hearts rejoice.

Why force thy pleading child to seek
A mate with wealth endowed;
His golden threads will only weave
Her happiness a shroud.

For gold can never buy the heart,
Or yield one soothing strain
Of kindly words, to cheer the soul
O'ercome by care and pain.

The breathing rose, old England's pride,
Laden with perfume sweet,
Will thrive beside a poor man's cot
As well as rich man's seat.

So love will grow in ev'ry land,
'Twas given this earth to bless ;
It springs within the human heart,
And blossoms happiness.

It takes deep root and never dies,
Though aching want be guest ;
But, burying grief in sympathy,
Plants gladness in the breast.

Dear parents, cultivate this flower,
When bursting into life ;
And only strive to make thy child
A loved and happy wife.

Then, water'd with the dew of heaven,
Her days in smiling peace
Will calmly glide to that dear land
Where love shall never cease.



THE BIBLE.

The Bible lies on the altar step,
Where Justice and Mercy blend ;
With a message for all, both great and small,
From Jesus, the sinner's friend.
Its musical voice in its echoes wide,
Have drawn a child to its truthful side ;
And the little one murmurs, " Can it be,
The Bible cares aught for a child like me ?"
Then she brightly read with a glowing smile,
Of the infant babe in the flowing Nile ;
And of Joseph, and Samuel, with many beside,
Till she came to the Saviour, the crucified ;
Then kneeling, she made His words her plea,
" Suffer young children to come unto me."

The Bible lies on the altar step,
Where Justice and Mercy blend ;
With a message for all, both great and small,
From Jesus, the sinner's friend.
Next, a Magdalen came : she had deeply sinned,
Sowing the whirlwind, she reaped the wind ;
When the faintest echo of years gone by—
Her mother's earliest lullaby—

The prayer that God her child would keep—
The hymn that closed its eyes in sleep—
The dying kiss—the words as well—
Crept o'er her senses like a spell.
“ But no, away !—I'll shake them off ;
E'en now I'm made a jest and scoff ;
Men laugh and sneer, and pass me by—
The men that caused my misery,
That dragged me from my mother's grave,
A weeping orphan !—no kind hand to save.
The priest was false—I drew polluted breath,
And friendless, homeless, chose a living death.
Again those scenes come back, how freshly, too !
My mother rises to my longing view—
Her close white cap, her Bible words all sweet,
And drawn with smiles from Christ's own mercy-seat.
The promises were hers, but she is dead,
And I depend upon my shame for bread.
Is there, alas, no hope ? I used to read
That Jesus answered every sinner's need.
I'll seek my mother's book, to that I'll trust ;
Its once bright clasps are eaten up with rust ;
I could not part with it, dear childhood's link,
Though often burning with the wish for drink—
Drink, drink, to drown remorse, and come between
Thoughts of the past and what I might have been.
But I will read !” And in guilt's flooding tide,
The lost one chose the Bible for her guide.

What ! shall the painted harlot draw her life
From the same stream as doth the faithful wife ?
Peace, Pharisee, and know there's joy in heaven
Over one sinner penitent forgiven.
Self-justified, ye do not feel a need,
And therefore not for thee did Jesus bleed.
But, see the Magdalen, from her full eyes
Beholds a rainbow of bright promise rise ;
She kneels, she prays, she seeks her mother's sod,
And there she dedicates her soul to God.
The snare, long hidden in her beauteous face,
Is now subdued by all-sufficient grace ;
God hears her prayers, and " I will not condemn,"
Are the sweet words by which he answers them.
An orphan, homeless, friendless, and alone !—
" Let him without a sin, first cast a stone."

The Bible lies on the altar step,
Where Justice and Mercy blend ;
With a message for all, both great and small,
From Jesus, the sinner's friend.
And a mourner passes with hueless face,
Through the village church to her vacant place ;
Her form is erect, but her once bright eye
Has dimmed with her soul's dark agony.
Deep furrows have early impressed her brow,
And life seems aimless, hopeless, now ;

Rigid she sits in her iron grief,
E'en tears come not with their soft relief ;
She heeds not the kindly or comforting word,
Friend or foe is alike unseen, unheard ;
She is there but to mourn on the spot where they,
The loved of her heart, were wont to pray.
But silent at last is the solemn bell,
And grand is the full-toned organ's swell ;
And the white-robed pastor takes his stand,
And gazes around on his little band,
Then with eyes upturned, and with hands outspread,
An earnest and heartfelt prayer is said.
Every murmur is hushed—not a sound is heard—
As he slowly reads God's holy word ;
And, "Come unto me, to Jesu's breast,
Heavy-laden and weary, I'll give thee rest."
This was the text, and he told them then,
God did not afflict the children of men
But for their good, their immortal weal,
He bruised in love, and He bruised to heal ;
And sweet is the portion of all who bend
Meekly in trouble which He may send :
Though poverty threaten, or famine dread,
Their water is certain, and sure their bread.
Then come to the Saviour, the crucified,
For sinners He groaned, and for sinners died ;
And the loved ones that early have hastened home,
Are joining the chorus, and whisper—"Come."

"Come!" how the mourner's heart did bound.
"Come, come!" returned its answering sound.
But whose that voice which echoes again,
And in dreamy sweetness swells the strain?
Spirit-like, musical, soft and clear,
None could it catch save the mourner's ear.
"Come, come unto me!" it murmured low,
While damps stood thick on her marble brow;
"The path is thorny, but thou shalt rest
In the haven—Peace! on Jesu's breast.
Come!" And she stood by a churchyard stone,
With moss and with ivy overgrown;
Once more she read of her idol child,
The blossom of love which first had smiled,
Sunny and beautiful, bright and fair,
Alas! how soon Death rested there;
And then his little form was hid,
Beneath the secret coffin's lid.
A girl with flaxen hair next came,
And bore her gentle mother's name;
Waxlike and pure, she looked in sleep
Too innocent for earth to keep;
And when six little months had fled,
She drooped—she withered—she was dead!
And still another babe was born,
But quickly from its parents torn;
Ere three weeks old it closed its eyes,
To open them in Paradise.

And three days more had scarcely past,
Before the father breathed his last.
Death softly came and claimed his prey,
And calmly ebb'd his life away. * * * *
The record ceased; and tears at last
The mourner's cheek chased thick and fast.
Oh, sweet relief unknown for years,
Her heart grew soft amid her tears;
The Spirit with the pastor's voice
Then made her grieving soul rejoice.
Gently he said, "Thy Father will
Be husband to the widow still,
Comfort the mourners, till they bless
And sing with joy and thankfulness;
For our High Priest can touch'd be
With feeling for our infirmity."
The Bible conquer'd!—"Thy will be done,"
Burst from the lips of the lonely one.
"I come! My Husband, Priest, and King—
My God! accept the praise I bring."

The Bible lies on the altar step,
Where Justice and Mercy blend;
With a message for all, both great and small,
From Jesus, the sinner's friend.
And it reached a man in the flush of health,
Surrounded by all that pertains to wealth;

In the glory of manhood's strength he stood,
And the world had named him great and good ;
For churches had flourished beneath his gold,
And his words were warm, though his heart was cold.
On every charity list of fame
He ever subscribed his haughty name ;
Schools were erected for children poor,
"And what," he questioned, "could man do more?"
Ah ! less would suffice, had the work been love,
But the heart is for God alone to prove.
And it chanced, as he walked the crowded street,
That a beggar grovelled beneath his feet—
Pale, hungry and wan, he implored some food
From him whom the world called great and good ;
But the rich man, in his lustful pride,
Spurned the poor suppliant from his side.
"Work, lazy one, work !—I will never supply
A common street-beggar's hungry cry."
Then he passed by, muttering, "Workhouse and gaol,"
Unheeding the sufferer's mournful wail.
And the poor man crept to a cottage old,
In a fever heat, while he shook with cold ;
Then a woman came to that cottage door,
And truly the poor will help the poor ;
She needed no glance from those burning eyes,
And words from the parched lips denies ;
Her practised eye had discerned the trace
Starvation had left in the wanderer's face ;

And she hastened to bring some milk and bread,
And place a cushion beneath his head.
Again the rich man strode quickly by,
But oh ! what a sight now met his eye—
The cup of cold water which he denied,
The widow with her one mite supplied !
Convicted, he stood in solemn thought,
Which to the treasury most had brought ;
His countless wealth, so lavish given,
Her little all, through love to heaven.
But the Bible test he found appal—
“ This woman hath done more than all.”
The costly folds of his purple dress,
Had served for a garb of righteousness ;
Like filthy rags, that goodness now
With seal of shame impressed his brow.
Long had he knelt at Pride’s vain shrine,
And thought the goddess was divine ;
But now the veil is torn aside,
He sees a demon deified.
He ne’er had heard sweet Mercy plead,
He ne’er had felt the poor man’s need ;
Pity was stranger to his breast,
And Pride alone had been his guest ;
But now stern Conscience reigned supreme,
And roused the sinner from his dream.
The glorious Gospel shed its light,
Revealing Jesus to his sight ;

His scarlet sins became as snow,
Crimson, and yet like wool they grow.
Who shall despair since Jesus died?
Pardon flows from the Crucified;
Free is the stream, and all who lave
Bury their guilt beneath the wave.
Why will ye die? The Saviour's call
Includes the vilest of us all.
Turn ye from evil, turn from vice,
Buy milk and honey without price.
The thief, backslider, murderer, may
Be pardoned in salvation's day;
Now is the day, that day of grace!
Work quickly—night steals on apace.
How many sheep have gone astray,
Forgetting Jesus is their way?
How many shun the paths of truth,
And deem them too severe for youth?
But oh! when sickness or despair
Sounds the first note of earnest prayer,
The Saviour bends a listening ear,
And stoops to catch the starting tear.
He loves His sheep, He heeds their voice,
They pray, and angels bright rejoice;
And then beneath His chastening rod,
He brings them back again to God—
Jewels them brightly in His crown,
And hides them from the tempter's frown.

Then rocks shall rend, and hills depart,
And fear seize every trembling heart ;
The sealed of God, far, far from strife,
Shall find in Jesus Christ their life !

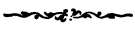
The Bible lies on the altar step,
Where Justice and Mercy blend ;
With a message for all, both great and small,
From Jesus, the sinner's friend.



THE CHRISTIAN TO HIS BRIDE.

I hail thee, wife ; though all the world should frown
I still will smile on thee, and bless the day
Which thus united two fond hearts together.
Pilgrims, we both will tread the same rough path,
And bear alike the cross that weaves a crown ;
Hand joined to hand we'll run our race,
Lightening each others' burdens by our sympathy.
One faith, one hope, one Saviour and one God,—
No power to part us till pale Death appears ;
Then from the seeds, the dying seeds of death,
We'll spring to life, changed in a twinkling,
And 'mid a thrilling burst of sacred melody,

Our souls made pure, in Jesu's blood shall meet.
And as we gaze and view the starry seal
Set in each forehead, a bounding sense
Of love and joy shall fill our spirits,
And we shall know our pilgrimage is done.
We part no more. Then, drinking in the light
Of Christ—the bright reflection of his glorious image—
Our new-born souls shall sing and join the chorus,
Offering sweet incense to the Saviour's name.
Thus we shall part in death—and death
But part to join us closer still
To deathless Life and Immortality !



THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS JOY.

There is a hidden well of Joy within the Christian's heart,
The stranger intermeddleth not, he cannot share a part;
For, lo ! it springs from faith and love, to him who dwells
on high,
And, leaping o'er frail time, it bounds to long eternity.

The Spirit's fruit is Joy ! Then come, poor sorrowing
soul, and buy ;
Dead—dead, in trespasses and sins, yet wherefore shouldst
thou die ?

Look, look to Jesus! He who died the death that ye
might live,
And God the Father, with His Son, His spirit too
will give.

The Spirit's fruit is Joy! Oh say, poor grieving sinner, say,
For this one fruit the Spirit bears, what money wouldst
thou pay?
"Silver and gold—all that thou hast!" No; this will
not atone:
God gave His Son for thee, and thou must give thyself
alone.

The Spirit's fruit is Joy! Return, poor prodigal, return!
Doth not the words of Jesus make thine heart within
thee burn?
My yoke is easy, burden light. I'll tell thee, sinner, why:
I plant a spring of joy within which never can grow dry.

The Spirit's fruit is Joy! A joy beyond this world to give;
Too deep for words—too vast for thought—within the
soul 'twill live
Till perfect and more beautiful grafted in realms of day,
At Jesu's feet it swells in songs of praise and extacy.

Behold the martyr as he stands in yonder blazing pile;
What joy for him, aye, streams of joy within his soul the
while

Can quench the violence of flame, and make him smile
at pain
Which hurries him so far beyond all suffering again?

The Spirit's fruit is Joy! Then come, poor sinner, raise
thy voice,
Ask God for his free gift to make that sorrowing heart
rejoice;
And then, though storms of trouble rage, joy shall thy
bosom fill,
For Christ, amid the tempest's roar, shall whisper,
"Peace, be still."

F I N I S.



1. The first part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The second part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.

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